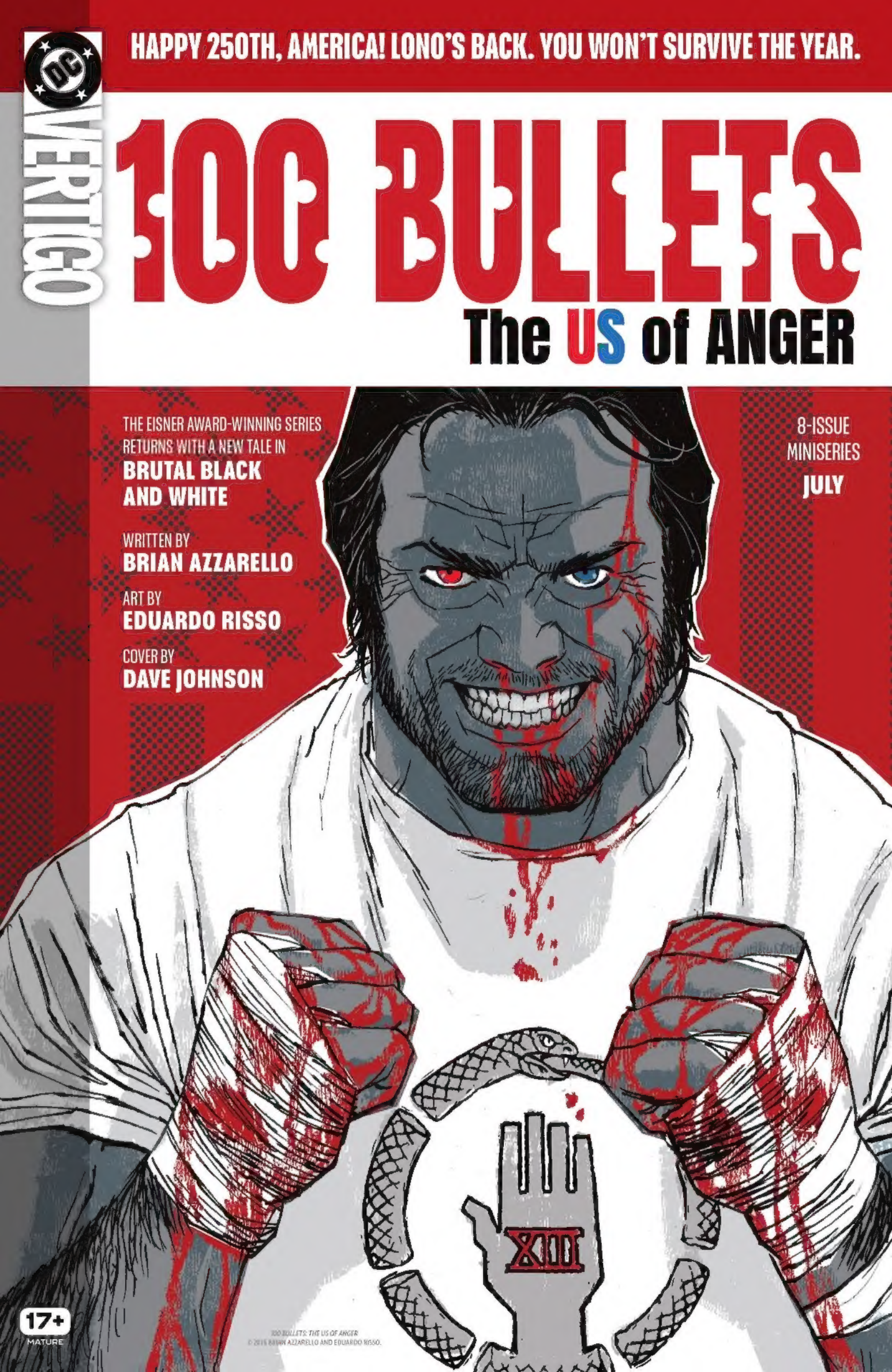
ABSOLUTE
MARTIAN MANHUNTER
DC
ALL IN
15+ TEEN+
12
CAMP
RODRÍGUEZ


DC VERTIGO
HAPPY 250TH, AMERICA! LONO'S BACK. YOU WON'T SURVIVE THE YEAR.
100 BULLETS
The US of ANGER
THE EISNER AWARD-WINNING SERIES RETURNS WITH A NEW TALE IN
BRUTAL BLACK AND WHITE
WRITTEN BY
BRIAN AZZARELLO
ART BY
EDUARDO RISSO
COVER BY
DAVE JOHNSON
8-ISSUE MINISERIES
JULY
XIII
17+
MATURE
100 BULLETS: THE US OF ANGER
© 2015 BRIAN AZZARELLO AND EDUARDO RISSO.

THIS COMIC CONTAINS DEPICTIONS OF
SELF-HARM AND THEMES OF SUICIDE.

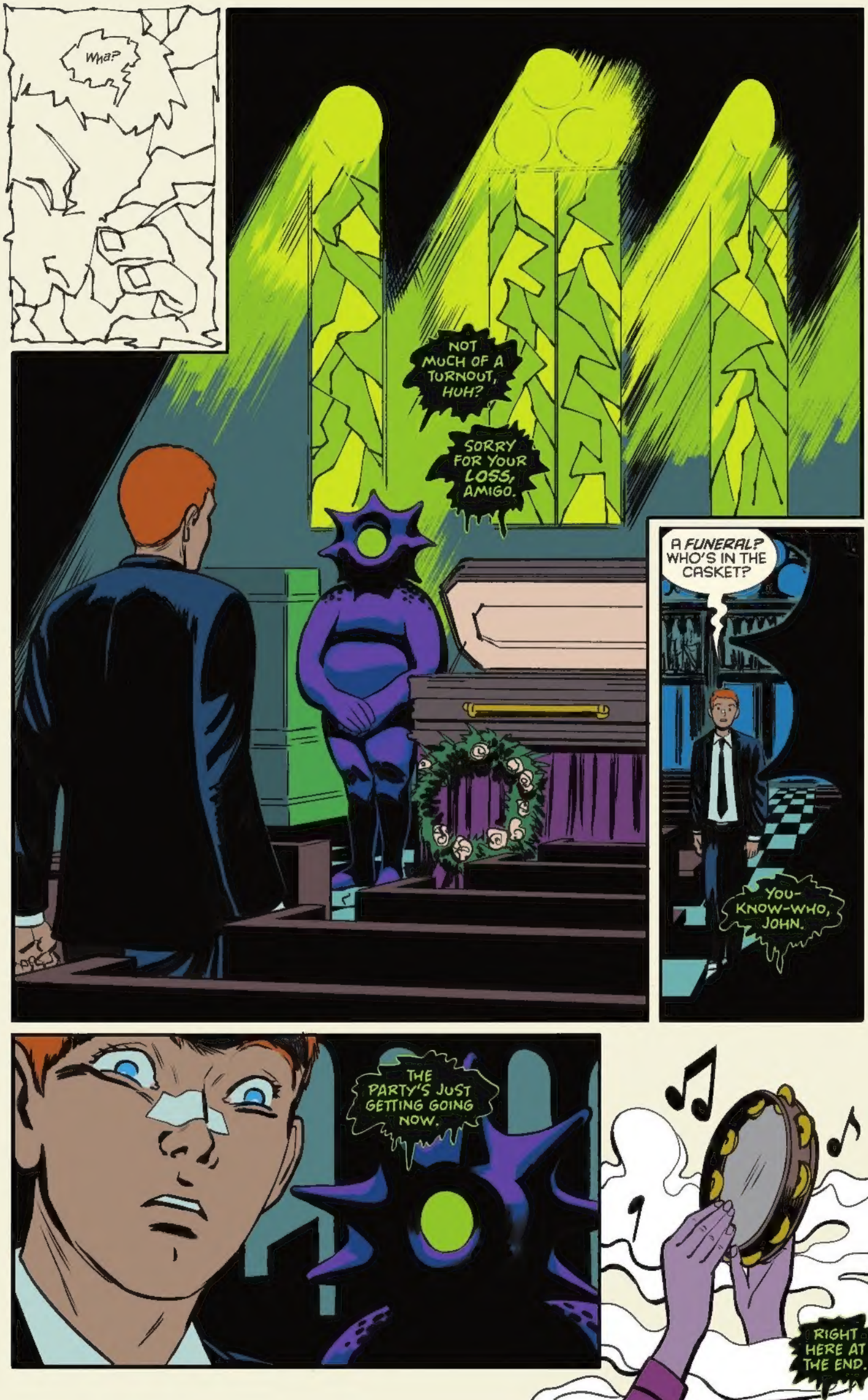
IF YOU ARE IN DANGER OF ACTING ON SUICIDAL THOUGHTS
OR ARE IN ANY OTHER LIFE-THREATENING CRISIS,
PLEASE CALL EMERGENCY SERVICES IN YOUR AREA
(9-8-8 IN THE U.S.) OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST
HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM.

SELF-INJURY OUTREACH AND SUPPORT (SIOS)
WEBSITE: SIOUTREACH.ORG

THE TREVOR PROJECT
A HELPLINE FOR LGBT YOUTH.
PHONE: 1-866-488-7386
WEBSITE:
THETREVORPROJECT.ORG/RESOURCES/
ARTICLE/SUPPORT-FOR-SELF-HARM-RECOVERY/
ONLINE CHAT:
THETREVORPROJECT.ORG/GET-HELP-NOW

TO WRITE LOVE ON HER ARMS
A NONPROFIT MOVEMENT DEDICATED TO PRESENTING
HOPE AND FINDING HELP FOR
PEOPLE STRUGGLING WITH DEPRESSION,
ADDICTION, SELF-INJURY, AND SUICIDE.
WEBSITE:
TWLOHA.COM/FIND-HELP/HELP-BY-TOPIC/SELF-INJURY/
TEXT: "TWLOHA" TO 741741

NATIONAL ALLIANCE ON MENTAL ILLNESS
WEBSITE:
NAMI.ORG/LEARN-MORE/MENTAL-HEALTH-
CONDITIONS/RELATED-CONDITIONS/SELF-HARM
PHONE: 1-800-950-NAMI
TEXT: "NAMI" TO 62640


Wha?
NOT MUCH OF A TURNOUT, HUH?
SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, AMIGO.
A FUNERAL? WHO'S IN THE CASKET?
YOU-KNOW-WHO, JOHN.
THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING GOING NOW.
RIGHT HERE AT THE END.

ICE AGES CLATTER IN CRYSTAL GLASSES.
YOU CAN HEAR THE MUSIC--
--A MIX OF SCREAMING BABIES FRESHLY RIPPED FROM THEIR MOTHERS AND INHUMAN THROAT SOUNDS RIPPED FROM A MILLION YEARS BEFORE OR AFTER LANGUAGE--
--ALL OVER, EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

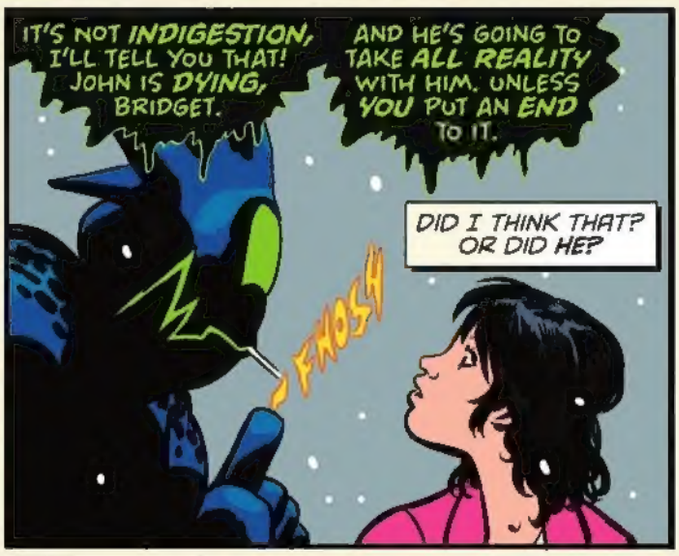
IT'S THE KIND OF TUNE THAT GETS STUCK IN YOUR HEAD, AND YOU CAN'T GET IT OUT WITHOUT A KITCHEN KNIFE, AM I RIGHT?

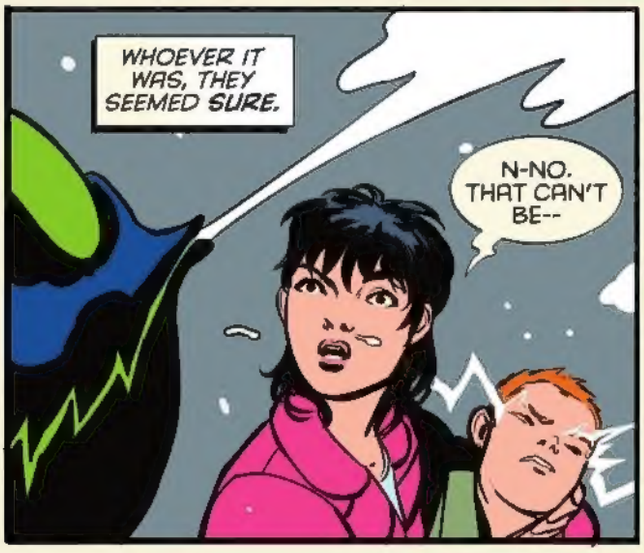
HERE YOU GO.
SUFFOCATING, A HEAVY BLUE BLANKET OF EVERYTHING.

I'M NOT GOING TO--
--WHO ARE YOU? Wh-what are you?
I'M YOUR HUSBAND'S WORK HUSBAND! I'M JOHN'S PARTNER. CALL ME DESPAIR-THE-ZERO.
HE SOUNDS LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER. THE WAY SHE'D CHEERILY PICK YOU APART.
John's Martian...? But...
...that's not...
...REAL.

ARGHH

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?!


IT'S NOT INDIGESTION, I'LL TELL YOU THAT! JOHN IS DYING, BRIDGET.
AND HE'S GOING TO TAKE ALL REALITY WITH HIM. UNLESS YOU PUT AN END TO IT.
DID I THINK THAT? OR DID HE?
FWOSH


WHOEVER IT WAS, THEY SEEMED SURE.
N-NO. THAT CAN'T BE--

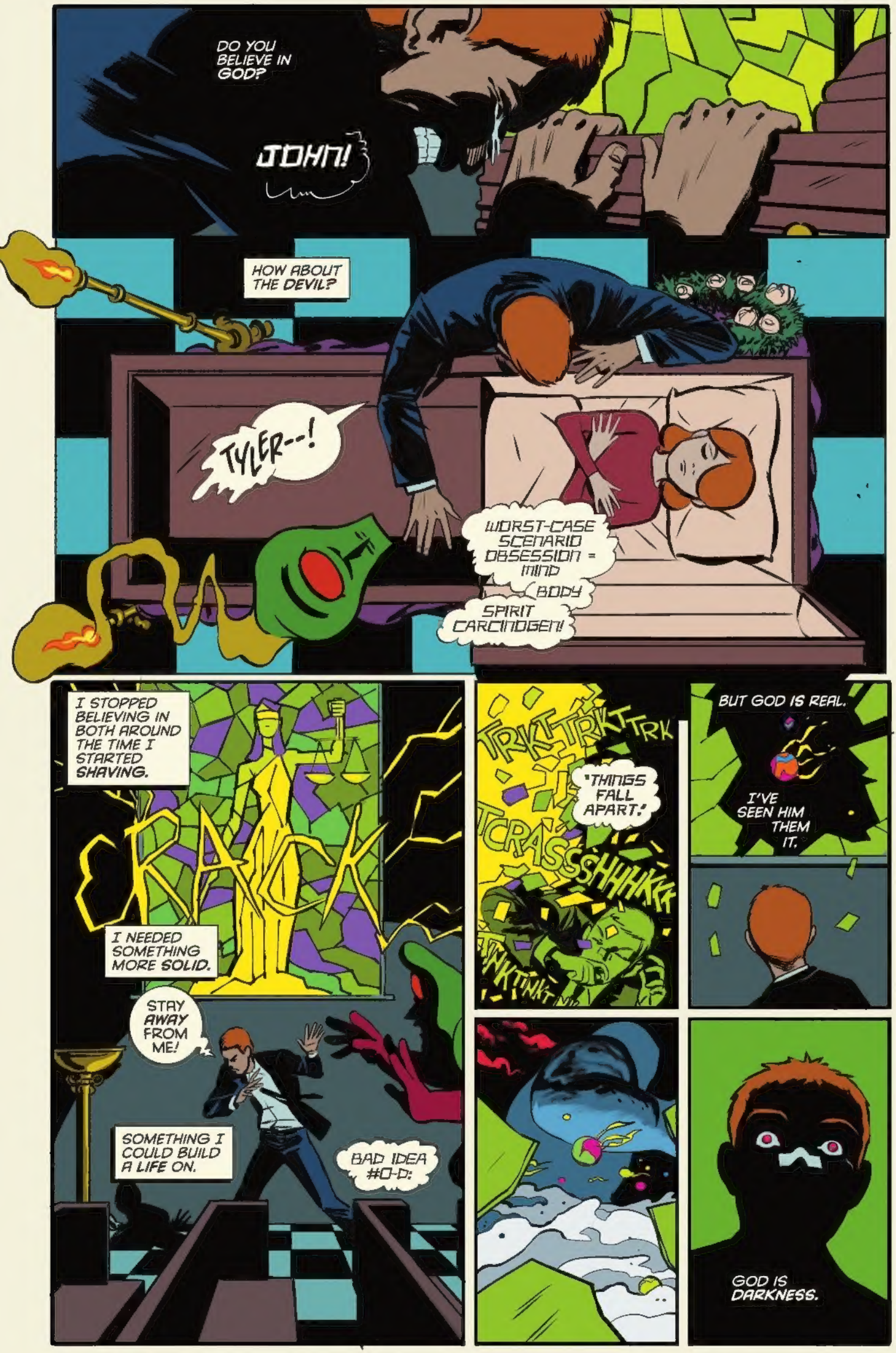
YOU'VE SEEN IT, BRIDGET! YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

KILL JOHN JONES!
SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

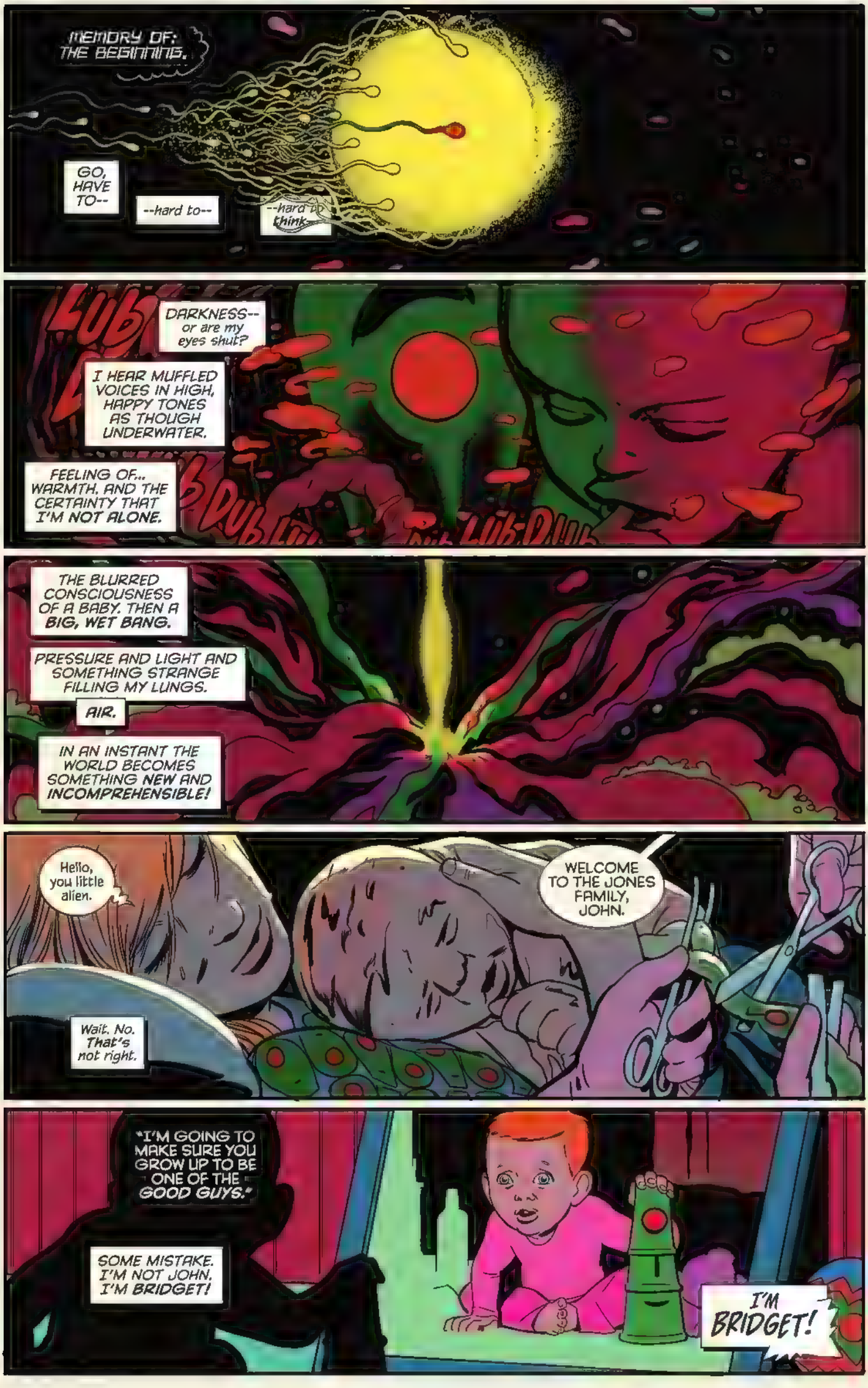
DESPAIR-- THE HOPELESS BLUE ZERO!
AND THEN THE WORLD EXPLODES INTO IMPROVISATIONAL JAZZ. GREEN IN BLUE.
ANHEDONIC ANTI-LIFE ALLY!
UH-OH, THE JEALOUS EX!
BLUE SCREAM OF DEATH!
COLOR OF: DUMPS MOPES MONDAYS.
ONE OF WHITE'S SELF-HUNT KILL DESTROY-ERS!
OH, C'MON, MARTY! WHO EXPOSED THE POOR GUY TO ANTI-LIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHO SHOWED HIM THE SMOKE? WHOSE BAD IDEA WAS ALL THIS, REALLY?
YOU CAN STILL SAVE THE WORLD, BRIDGET! YOU CAN SAVE EVERYONE!
BLUE LIKE BRUISES, CYANOSIS, DAD'S FAVORITE TIE.
GOOD IDEA #19392: PUT DOWN THE KNIFE GUN DOOMSDAY MACHINE.
What...?

OUCH! THAT HURT!
LISTEN, BRIDGE, KILLING JOHN MIGHT NOT SAVE EVERY-THING--
--BUT IT'S YOUR BEST SHOT! YOU'RE LIFE'S BEST SHOT!
I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN! GOT A PARTY TO GET TO!
THE BLUE BLANKET LIFTS.
FRAAAACK TRRRRR
BRIEFLY.
RSH
WHAT'S HAPPENING?! WHAT IS ALL THIS?!
ANTI-LIFE OVERLOAD! TOTAL REALITY DECAY!
LOSS OF ALL LIFE
HOPE
SENSE
IMMINENT!
FULL CONSCIOUSNESS UPGRADE ONLY ANTI-DOTE!
KNIFE IS THE IDEA, BRIDGET! RADICAL SURGERY
EMPATHY
EXPERIENCE REQUIRED!
WAIT!

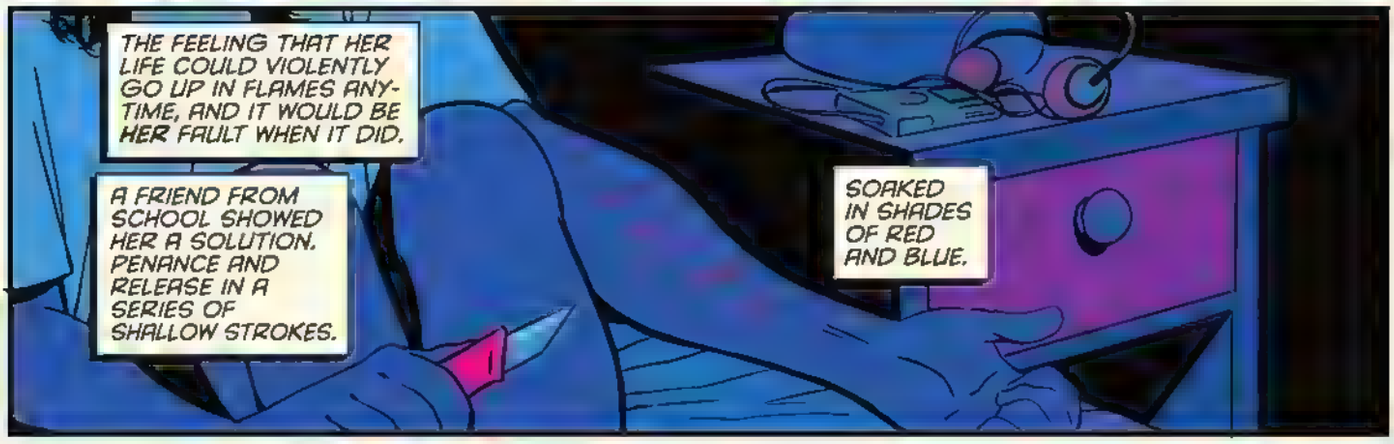
WAIT = WHITE WINS! ANTI-LIFE
IMMANENCE
EMINENCE
EMANANCE
IMMINENT.
WELL, THAT WAS FUN!
NOW LET'S ALL STAY UP AND WATCH THE STARS GO OUT, ONE BY ONE!
AND I SEE IT. IT SHOWS ME. JOHN'S...
...REAL UNREAL PARTNER SHOWS ME TYLER.
TYLER SUGGESTS THE CONGA AND, BEFORE HE HAS EVEN FINISHED HIS THOUGHT, A LINE FORMS BEHIND HIM.
EVERYWHERE IT GOES, THINGS...
...PEOPLE...
...IDEAS JOIN, FALL IN LINE AS IF COMPELLED.
THE LINE GETS LONGER AND LONGER. I THINK SOON IT WILL STRETCH ACROSS CREATION.

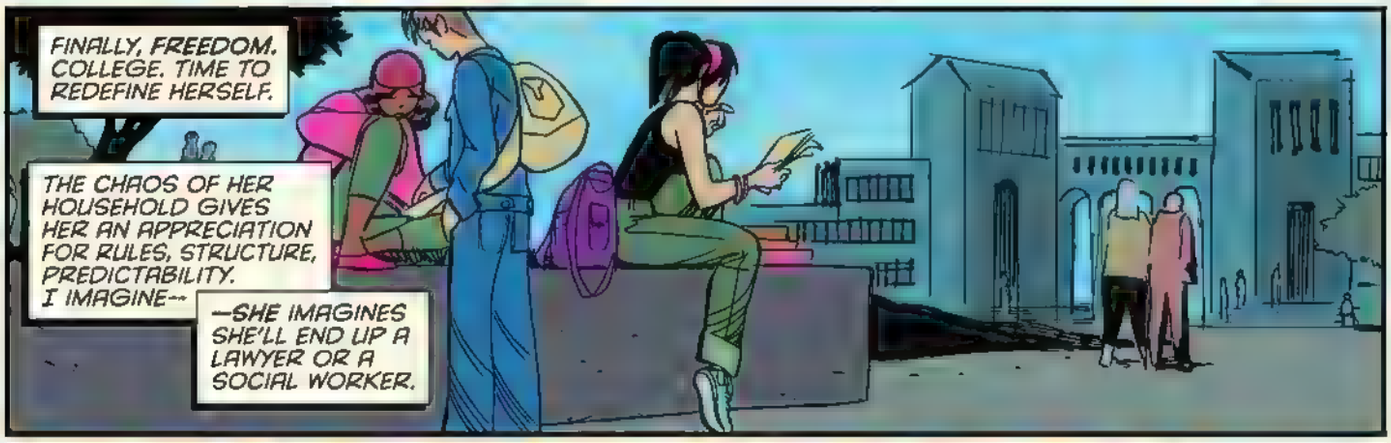

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?
JOHN!
HOW ABOUT THE DEVIL?
TYLER--!
WORST-CASE SCENARIO OBSESSION = MIND
BODY
SPIRIT
CARCINOGEN!
I STOPPED BELIEVING IN BOTH AROUND THE TIME I STARTED SHAVING.
RACK
I NEEDED SOMETHING MORE SOLID.
STAY AWAY FROM ME!
SOMETHING I COULD BUILD A LIFE ON.
BAD IDEA #0-D:
TRKTRKTTRK
"THINGS FALL APART."
TCRASSSHHHKK
TNKTNKT
BUT GOD IS REAL.
I'VE SEEN HIM THEM IT.
GOD IS DARKNESS.

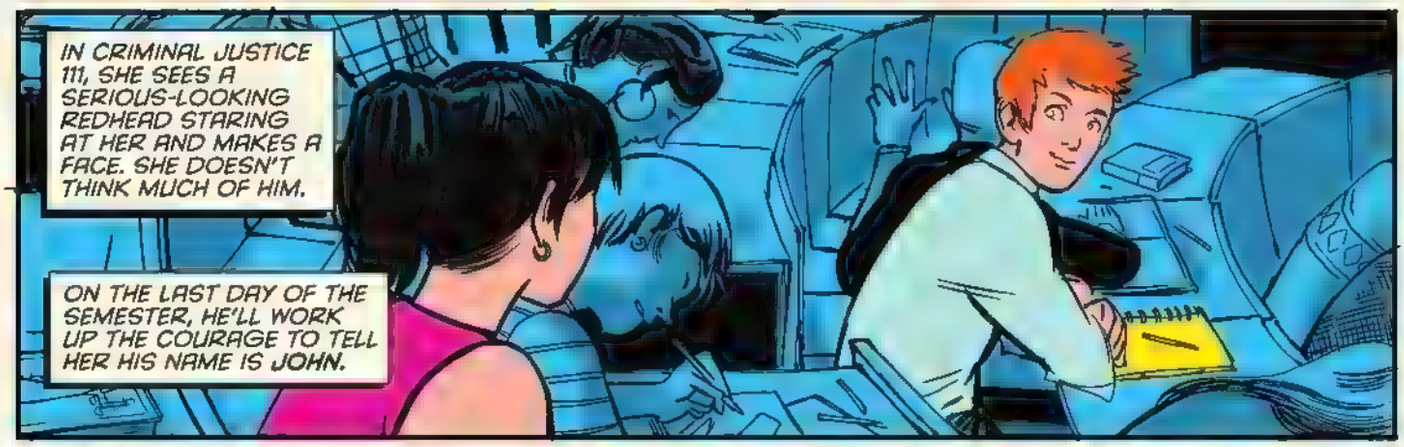
WATCH OUT, PARTNER!
IT STARES BACK!
GOD IS CRUEL. COSMICALLY UNCARING.
STAY BACK! LEAVE ME ALONE! I SAW! I KNOW!
HE SHRUGS AND WORLDS DIE.
YOU'RE CONTROLLING ME! YOU'VE BEEN CONTROLLING EVERYTHING FROM THE VERY BEGINNING!
APPROACHING ANTI-LIFE END STAGE: PARANOIA, VIOLENT ALLUSIONS, DISILLUSION OF LOCAL SPACE
TIME
LOGIC.
GOD IS THE DEVIL.
YOU
I
WE ARE—
YOU MADE ALL THIS HAPPEN!
YOU INVADED MY LIFE!
—ENTANGLED.
AND GOD IS EVERYWHERE.
Pfffffff
FULL UPGRADE REQUIRES RADICAL PERSPECTIVE SHIFT! ULTRA-CONDENSED EXISTENCE EXPOSURE THERAPY!
IN EVERY ATOM, IN EVERY HAIR. HE IS THE CENTER OF EVERY GALAXY.
HE IS IN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER, MY WIFE AND MY SON, MY FRIENDS AND MY ENEMIES.
HE IS ME.
"LIFE SWAP"! HOLD ON, PARTNER!
GOD IS REAL.
AND HE HATES US ALL.

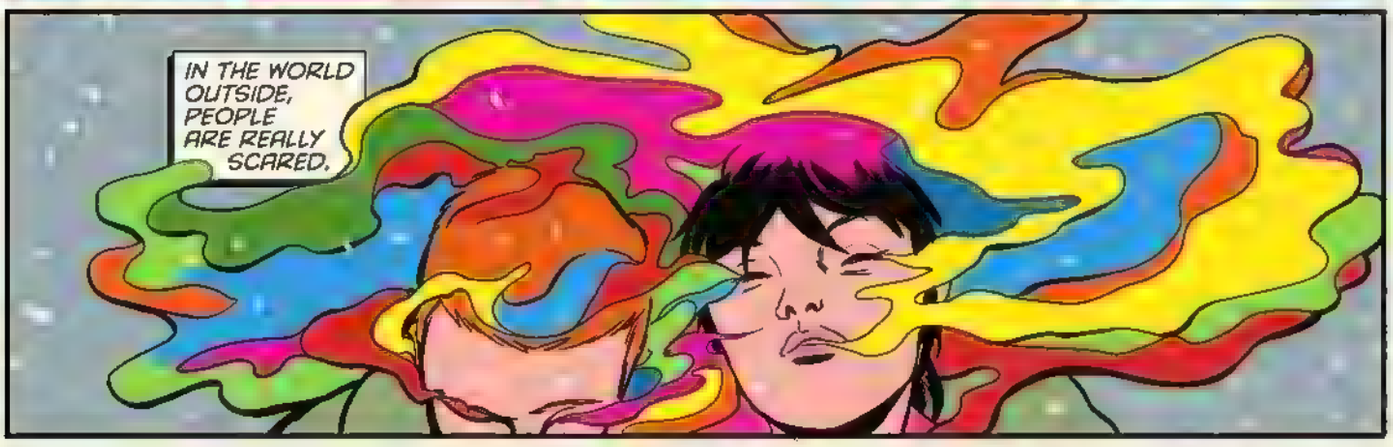

MEMORY OF THE BEGINNING.
GO, HAVE TO--
--hard to--
--hard to think
Lub-Dub
DARKNESS-- or are my eyes shut?
I HEAR MUFFLED VOICES IN HIGH, HAPPY TONES AS THOUGH UNDERWATER.
FEELING OF... WARMTH, AND THE CERTAINTY THAT I'M NOT ALONE.
Lub-Dub
THE BLURRED CONSCIOUSNESS OF A BABY. THEN A BIG, WET BANG.
PRESSURE AND LIGHT AND SOMETHING STRANGE FILLING MY LUNGS.
AIR.
IN AN INSTANT THE WORLD BECOMES SOMETHING NEW AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE!
Hello, you little alien.
Wait. No. That's not right.
WELCOME TO THE JONES FAMILY, JOHN.
"I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU GROW UP TO BE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS."
SOME MISTAKE. I'M NOT JOHN. I'M BRIDGET!
I'M BRIDGET!

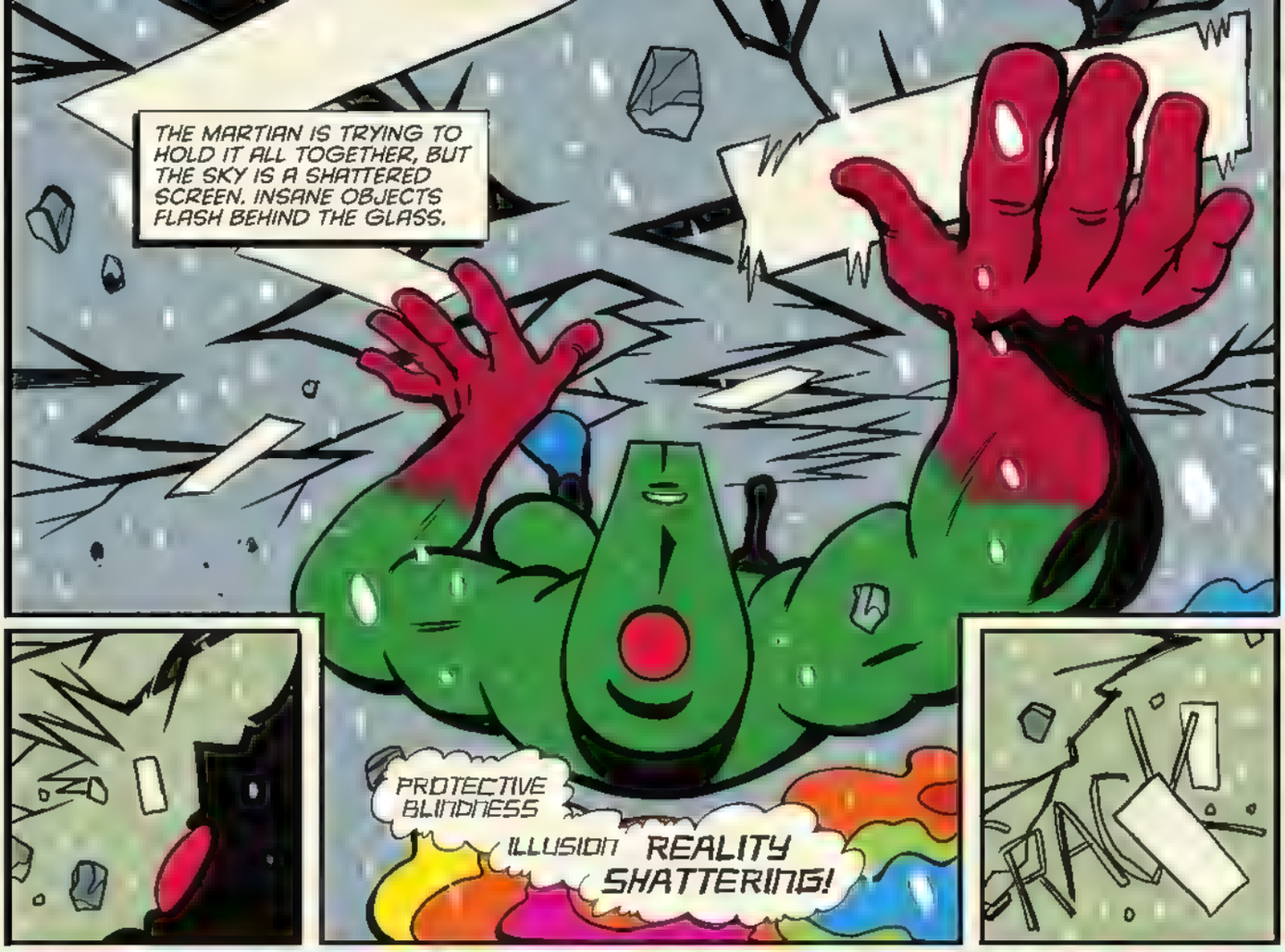
I'M JOHN!
I TRY TO SCREAM MY NAME, BUT I CAN'T.
STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU PSYCHO!
YOU'RE MAKING ME A PSYCHO! YOU'RE DRIVING ME INSANE, YOU BITCH!
I WATCH BRIDGET'S PARENTS FIGHT FROM BEHIND WATERY EYES. I KNEW THEY HAD PROBLEMS, BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW BAD IT WAS. OR THE CONSTANT FEAR EATING AT HER STOMACH AS THEY FIGHT.


THE FEELING THAT HER LIFE COULD VIOLENTLY GO UP IN FLAMES ANYTIME, AND IT WOULD BE HER FAULT WHEN IT DID.
A FRIEND FROM SCHOOL SHOWED HER A SOLUTION. PENANCE AND RELEASE IN A SERIES OF SHALLOW STROKES.
SOAKED IN SHADES OF RED AND BLUE.


FINALLY, FREEDOM. COLLEGE. TIME TO REDEFINE HERSELF.
THE CHAOS OF HER HOUSEHOLD GIVES HER AN APPRECIATION FOR RULES, STRUCTURE, PREDICTABILITY. I IMAGINE--
--SHE IMAGINES SHE'LL END UP A LAWYER OR A SOCIAL WORKER.


IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE 111, SHE SEES A SERIOUS-LOOKING REDHEAD STARING AT HER AND MAKES A FACE. SHE DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF HIM.
ON THE LAST DAY OF THE SEMESTER, HE'LL WORK UP THE COURAGE TO TELL HER HIS NAME IS JOHN.

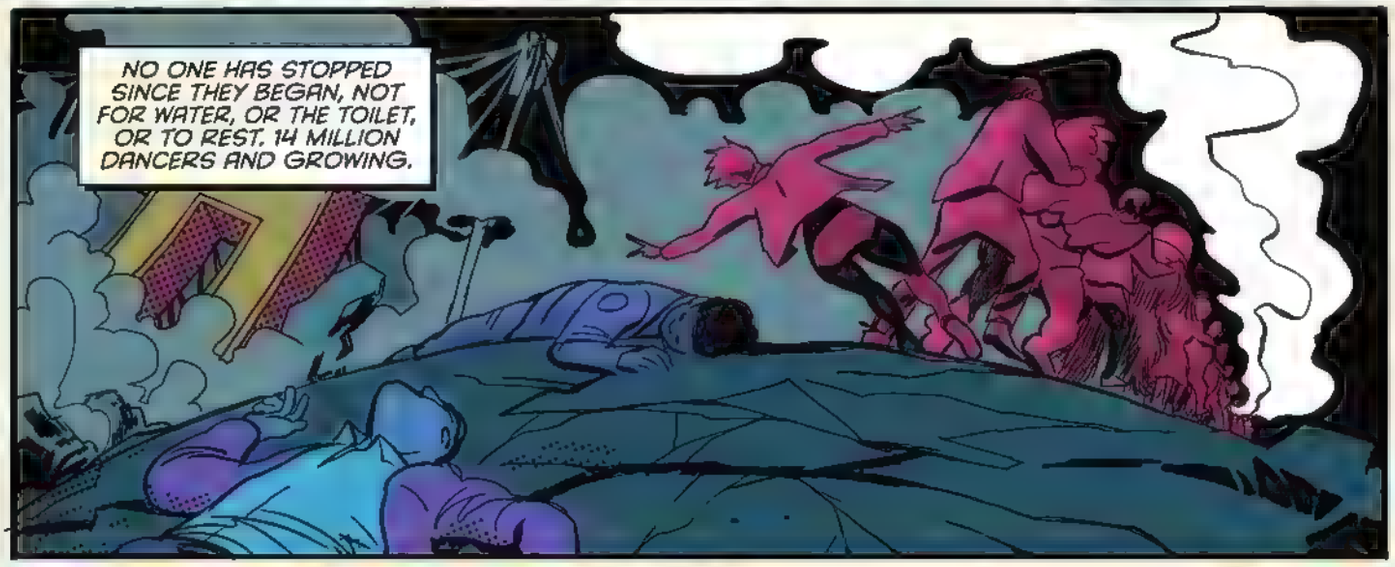

IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE, PEOPLE ARE REALLY SCARED.

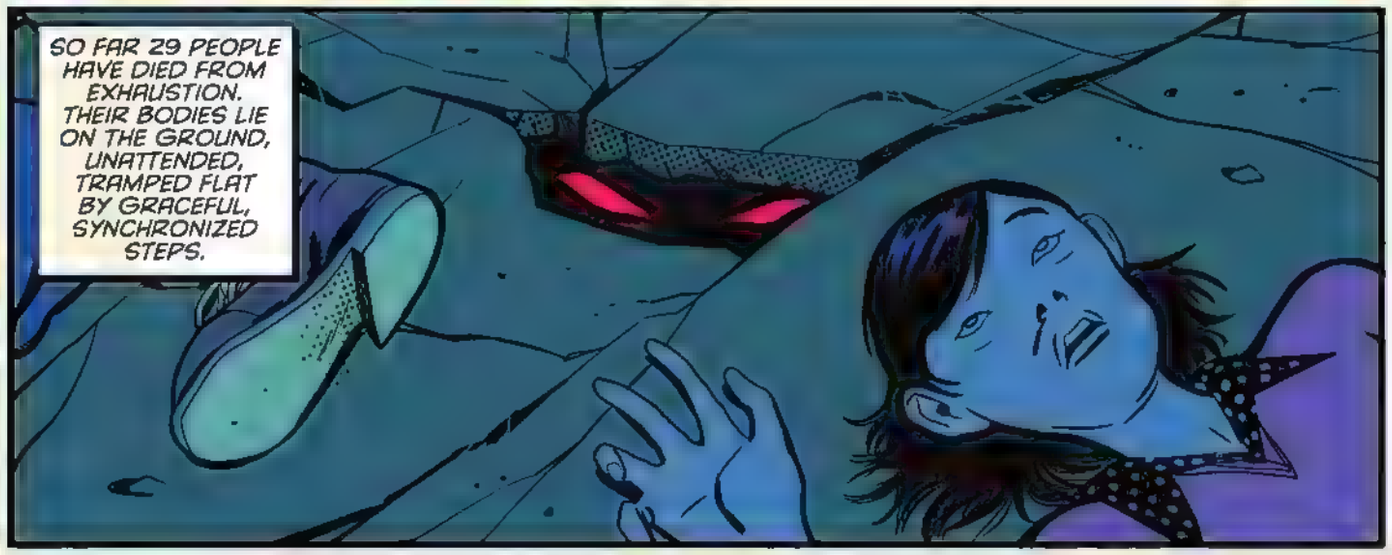

THE MARTIAN IS TRYING TO HOLD IT ALL TOGETHER, BUT THE SKY IS A SHATTERED SCREEN. INSANE OBJECTS FLASH BEHIND THE GLASS.
PROTECTIVE BLINDNESS
ILLUSION
REALITY SHATTERING!
CRACK!

HE
I
WE ARE AWARE OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING ALL OVER THE WORLD.
FOR A WHILE, 1 + 1 = 86.
ANTI-LIFE ARITHMETIC.
GOTHA HOTEL

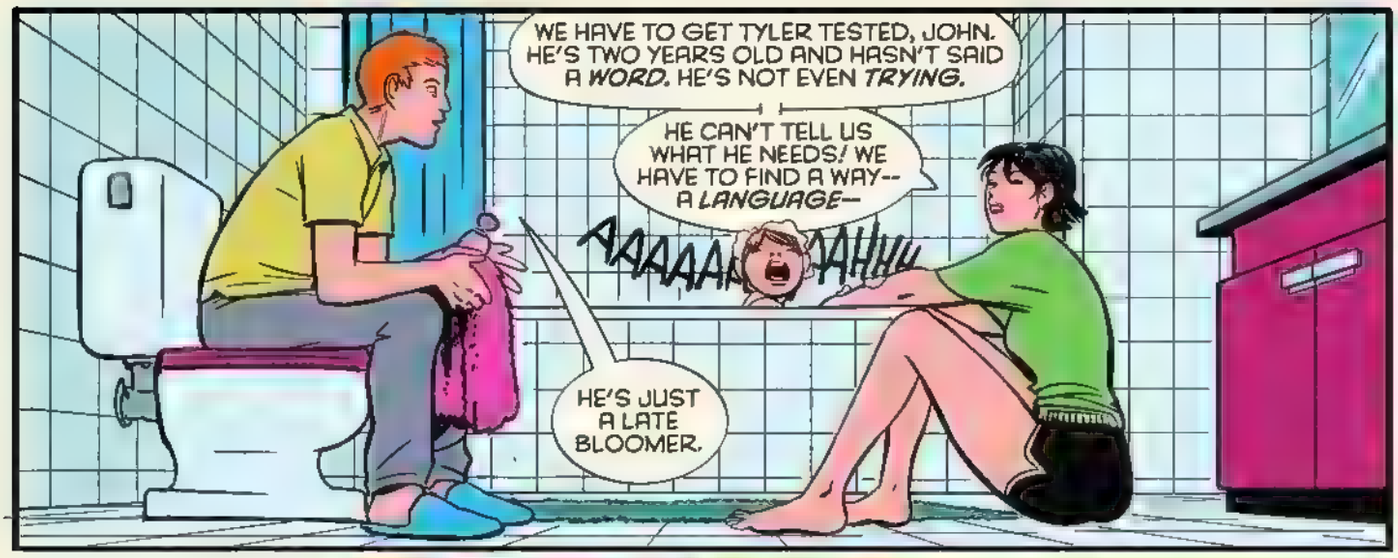
IN GOTHAM, AN ENGINEER WORKING THE NIGHT SHIFT KEEPS DOING THE CALCULATIONS BUT THEY AREN'T MAKING SENSE.
Maybe I need some sleep...

TYLER'S PARTY CONGAS THROUGH TOKYO AND, TO CELEBRATE, THE ENTIRE CITY SPONTANEOUSLY BECOMES ONE PERFECTLY CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE.
永遠の飢え
明日は来ない
迷子の少年
音楽は狂気
無は白い
深夜営業


NO ONE HAS STOPPED SINCE THEY BEGAN, NOT FOR WATER, OR THE TOILET, OR TO REST. 14 MILLION DANCERS AND GROWING.

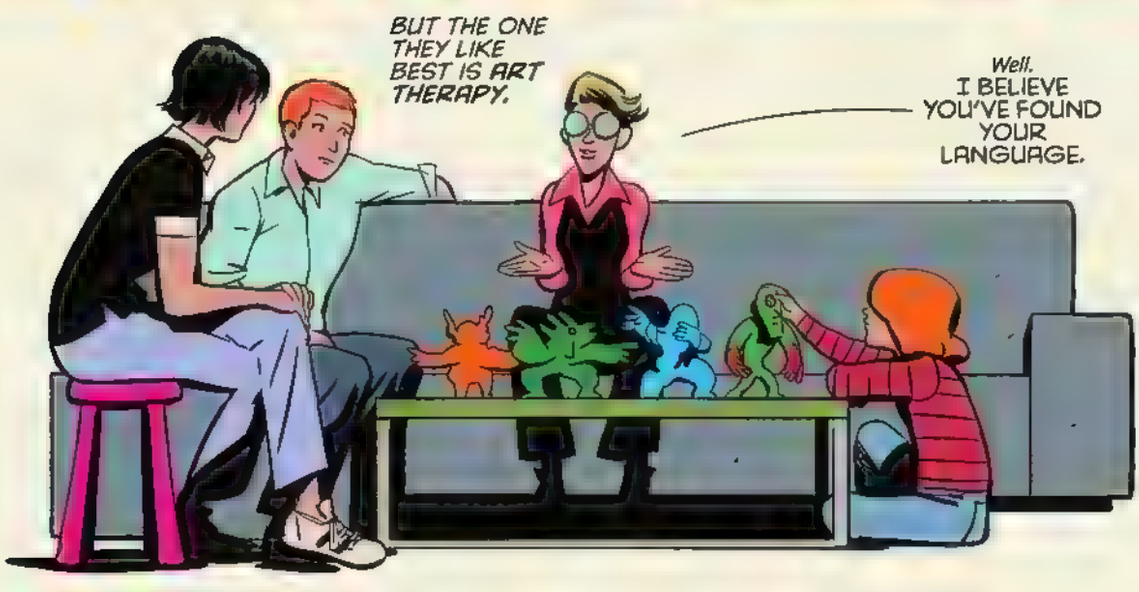

SO FAR 29 PEOPLE HAVE DIED FROM EXHAUSTION. THEIR BODIES LIE ON THE GROUND, UNATTENDED, TRAMPED FLAT BY GRACEFUL, SYNCHRONIZED STEPS.

YEARS EARLIER, IN THE EGO TUNNEL, THE CANCER HAS TRAMPLED JOHN'S FATHER NEARLY TO DEATH. HE CAN'T STAND--I CAN'T--NEITHER OF US CAN STAND THAT HOSPITAL ANTISEP-SICK SMELL.
I MADE IT, DAD. THE FBI. I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.
AND NOT JUST THAT... YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GRAND-FATHER.
M-m-m-my b-b-boy...
I KNOW, DAD.
I CAN FEEL JOHN'S DESPERATE HOPE THAT HIS FATHER WILL GET TO HOLD TYLER, JUST ONCE. BUT HE WON'T. HE'LL DIE THREE DAYS BEFORE DELIVERY.
HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE. I NEED A BREAK.
WAAAGH!
WHEN HE LOOKS AT ME--COVERED IN SPIT-UP, RUNNING ON THREE HOURS' SLEEP, SIX DAYS FROM MY LAST SHOWER--
--I'VE NEVER SEEN MYSELF THAT WAY BEFORE. THROUGH HIS EYES.
IN HIS EYES, I AM
WE ARE
LIFE IS--
BEAUTIFUL, JONES. WELCOME TO THE JOINT TERRORISM TASK FORCE.
THANK YOU, AGENT SUTTREE. CONSIDER ME AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
I WILL, SON.


WE HAVE TO GET TYLER TESTED, JOHN. HE'S TWO YEARS OLD AND HASN'T SAID A WORD. HE'S NOT EVEN TRYING.
HE CAN'T TELL US WHAT HE NEEDS! WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY-- A LANGUAGE--
AAAAAAAHHH
HE'S JUST A LATE BLOOMER.

HE WASN'T. AFTER THE DIAGNOSIS, BRIDGET QUIT LAW SCHOOL TO BE WITH TYLER FULL-TIME. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW HARD THAT WAS FOR HER. SHE NEVER LET ON. OR I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW...
YOU PAINTED YOUR ROOM GREEN?! Where'd you get the paint?
FEELINGS OF FRUSTRATION, CONFUSION, SURPRISING PRIDE.

SHE WORRIES THAT WE ARE TORTURING HIM. THAT WE ARE FAILING HIM. SHE IS LOOKING FOR A LANGUAGE.
THE DAYS ARE A DANCE OF APPOINTMENTS-- SPEECH PATHOLOGISTS, OCCUPATIONAL THERAPISTS, BEHAVIOR ANALYSTS, CHILD PSYCHOLOGISTS.
HE'S VERY SMART. BUT HE THINKS DIFFERENTLY-- IN PICTURES, RATHER THAN WORDS.


BUT THE ONE THEY LIKE BEST IS ART THERAPY.
Well. I BELIEVE YOU'VE FOUND YOUR LANGUAGE.

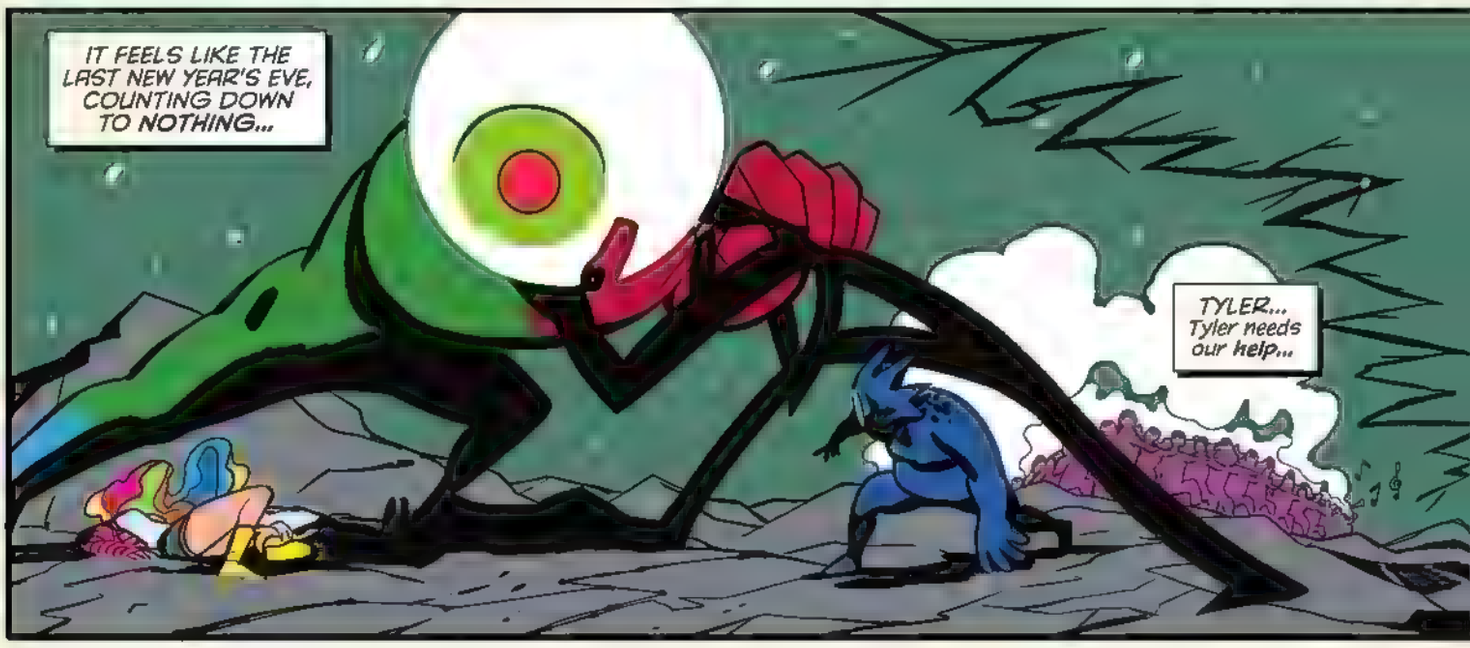
LANGUAGE IS IMPORTANT.
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHO MESSED WITH MY BOOKS?

THE WRITTEN WROD IS AN ERLYA CASUALTY. SNETCENES SOTP KMAING SENES--
--CHARACTERS EXPLODE INTO MEANINGLESSNESS.
THIS IS ALL GIBBERISH!

A MAN MADE OF DUST, STARS, AND SADNESS IS TROUBLED BY THE LOSS OF LANGUAGE. HE'S ENJOYED ALL FIFTY OF THE ONES HE'S LEARNED.
HE WATCHES ELECTRONS WOBBLE IN THEIR ORBITS AND ATOMIC BONDS BEGIN TO BREAK AND FEELS AN OLD, FAMILIAR FEAR AS HIS STOMACH MAKES NOISES LIKE A DYING WORLD.

KRAAACK

COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF, BOSS!
TYLER ARRIVES--
--although now I see there's something **else** in him, some **thin white thing** coiled like **smoke** inside my son!--
--FOLLOWED BY A **PARADE OF HUMANITY'S WORST IDEAS**-- SUICIDE, SLAVERY, CREDIT SCORES, WAR.


IT FEELS LIKE THE LAST NEW YEAR'S EVE, COUNTING DOWN TO **NOTHING**...
TYLER... Tyler needs our **help**...

THAT'S WHY WE MOVED TO MIDDLETON IN THE FIRST PLACE. TO HELP TYLER.
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, JOHN.
TO SAVE HIM-- TO SAVE US ALL-- FROM DISGRACE. HAVE TO PROTECT THEM
US FROM THE LIES...
...AND THE TRUTH.
"YOU BLEW UP OUR LIFE!"
FEELINGS OF: SHAME, ANGER, CONFUSION, BETRAYAL, HOPELESSNESS.
BUT FOR THEM, FOR US, ALWAYS THE SAME.
YOUR SON IS TRYING TO TALK TO YOU, JOHN! HE IS! LISTEN!
I'M TRYING, BRIDGET. I JUST...
...have a lot on my mind right now.
LOVE, AND THE FEAR OF LOSING.
THE FEAR HE'S FAILING US. THE FEAR HE'S FAILING EVERYBODY.
THAT NOTHING IS HOW HE THOUGHT IT WAS. IT'S ALL MUCH, MUCH WORSE.

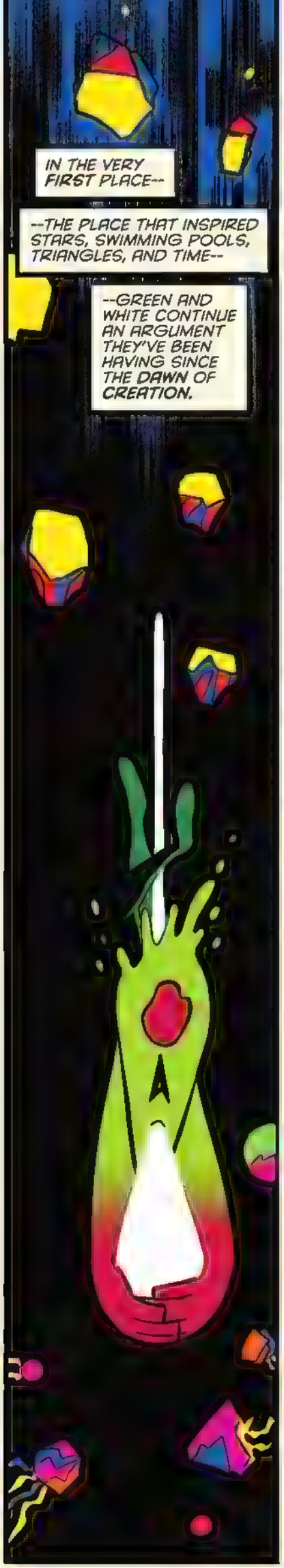
BRIDGET THINKS I'M LOSING MY MIND.
NO, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT "ECTOPLASMIC RETICULUM DISTURBED" MEANS!
I'D THINK THE SAME IF I WERE HER.
Which I am.
SHE IS SO SCARED, BUT SHE HAS TO BE STRONG FOR TYLER.
SHE HAS TO PROTECT HIM FROM ALL THE CRAZINESS OUT THERE.
CLOWN
BAM
I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE HIM. HE LIVES IN MY HEAD.
RIGHT NOW HE'S KIND OF A REPEATING WALLPAPER PATTERN.
SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF LOSING HER MIND.
EVEN IF EVERYTHING IS FALLING APART.

HE'S DEAD, BRIDGE. OUR SON--
TYLER'S NOT DEAD. I WOULD KNOW.
I FAILED HIM. NOT YOU, ME. IT WAS ALWAYS--
LOOK AGAIN, JOHN!
What...? Then...
...THEN WHO'S THE FUNERAL FOR?
I SEE THEM, JOHN! THE CRACKS, THE MARTIANS! I BELIEVE YOU!
THE WORLD IS FALLING APART AND IT'S PAINFUL TO LOOK.
BUT YOU HAVE TO, BABE...
...YOU HAVE TO REALLY LOOK!
NOW WHAT DO YOU SEE?

MARTIAN VISION ON ZOOM!
FULL CONSCIOUSNESS UPGRADE!
ANTI-LIFE DEGENERATION HALTED!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. NOT IN WORDS, NOT EVEN IN IMAGES. IT'S SOMETHING LIKE...
EVERYTHING IS SUDDENLY REBORN, EXACTLY AS IT WAS BEFORE, BUT A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT.
JOHN...?!
EVERYTHING IS NEW AND MIRACULOUS.
JOHN! FINALLY REACHED THAT NEXT LEVEL, HUH? GOOD FOR YOU!
EVERY MOMENT, EVERY DRIFTING MOTE, EVERY TRAGEDY... BORN AGAIN IN PERPETUAL GRACE.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE ACTUALLY SURPRISED--
DESPAIR. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, BUT I DIDN'T.
SHE DID.
WHO? HER?
DESPAIR IS A TRANSITORY STATE, NOT A FUNDAMENTAL FORCE. WITH HELP, SOMETHING BETTER IS POSSIBLE.
LIKE: THE COMMUNITY FOUND IN THE FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND. THE MOTHER WHO LOST A SON, LISTENING TO HIS DONATED HEART BEAT IN ANOTHER CHEST.
THE MESSY DIVORCE THAT LEADS TO HEALTHY RELATIONSHIPS AND SUCCESSFUL CO-PARENTING.
THE LONELY MAN'S RENEWED DESIRE TO LIVE FOLLOWING A FAILED SUICIDE ATTEMPT.
THE PAINFUL BEAUTY OF A POEM.
WITH HELP...
...DESPAIR BECOMES DELIGHT.

BRIDGET!
ONLY UNCONSCIOUS! THIRTY YEARS IN THIRTY SECONDS = LIFE OVERLOAD FOR UNTRAINED BRAINS!
BIGGER PROBLEMS, PARTNER!
I KNOW HE'S RIGHT. I CAN SEE HER BREATHING, HER TROUBLED DREAMING.
CRISIS CONTINUES!
CRAAACCCK
GRRAA
SHH
But... I THOUGHT THE UPGRADE--
END-TIMES EVANGELIST VIBRATING AT ASSORTED ANTI-LIFE FREQUENCIES!
CRISIS CONTINUES!
WHITE KNIGHT OF THE SOUL!


IN THE VERY FIRST PLACE--
--THE PLACE THAT INSPIRED STARS, SWIMMING POOLS, TRIANGLES, AND TIME--
--GREEN AND WHITE CONTINUE AN ARGUMENT THEY'VE BEEN HAVING SINCE THE DAWN OF CREATION.

ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE, COMMUNICATION BREAKS DOWN. FIRST LANGUAGE, THEN EVEN CODED GRUNTS AND BODY LANGUAGE BECOME MUTUALLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE.
EVERYONE IS AN ISOLATED ISLAND.

ACROSS TEN THOUSAND WORLDS, FRIENDS
FAMILIES
NEIGHBORS
NO LONGER RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER--
--NO LONGER RECOGNIZE THEMSELVES.

THE CRACKS WIDEN.
RACK
TYLER. CAN WE TALK?

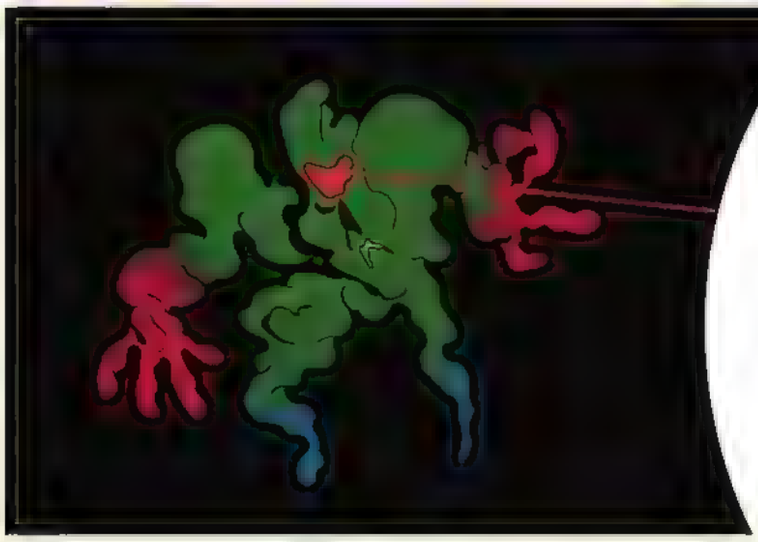
MEMORY OF--
IF YOU WANT SOMETHING, ASK FOR IT! USE YOUR WORDS! TALK, TYLER!
TALK!
FUN-DOUGH
FEELINGS OF: FRUSTRATION, RAGE, SHAME.
WEAPONIZING MY WORST MOMENTS AGAINST ME.

Ouch. NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO HURT YOU LIKE FAMILY.

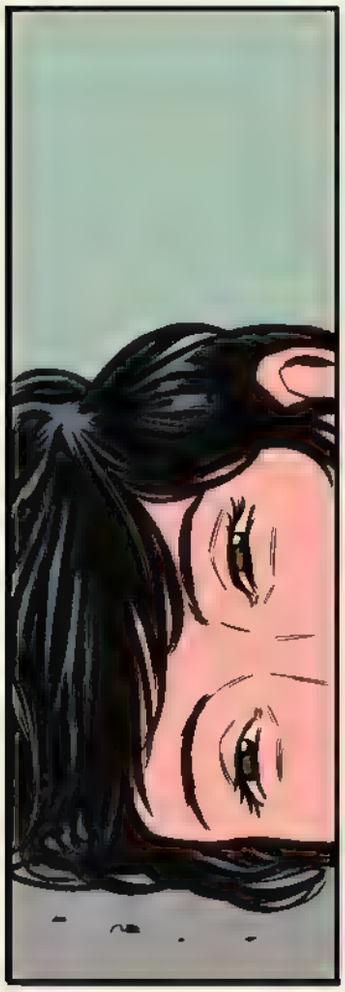
I-I KNOW. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND-- DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO--
IT'S NOT THAT I DIDN'T CARE OR DIDN'T TRY. IT'S THAT I WAS AFRAID TO FAIL YOU. SO I FROZE AND FAILED YOU ANYWAY.

IN GATEWAY CITY, A GODDESS SEES REALITY BREAK AND SOMETHING BLINK BEHIND IT. SHE CALLS IT BY AN OLD NAME--
KAOS!
...AND VOWS-- for her a vow is unbreakable and holy--
--TO HOLD IT BACK WITH HAND AND THREAD IF SHE HAS TO. HER THOUGHTS SMELL OF SULFUR AND ROSY-FINGERED DAWNS.

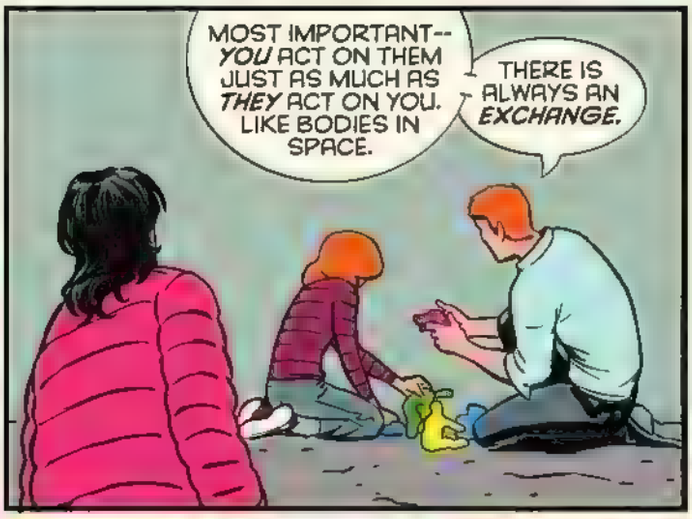
IN THE LOW HIGH FIRST ALWAYS PLACE, THEY THROW EVERYTHING AT EACH OTHER-- GENOCIDE AND SCIENCE, ART AND INEQUALITY.
THE WHITE WIELDS BUREAUCRACY LIKE A BLADE.
I LET THAT THING FILL YOUR HEAD WITH BAD IDEAS! I OPENED THE DOOR! IT'S MY FAULT!
MEMORY OF: FORGETTING TO PICK UP TYLER WHEN BRIDGET WAS OUT OF TOWN.
HIM WAITING FOUR HOURS IN THE RAIN, BEFORE I FINALLY REMEMBERED.
MEMORY OF: ME, ANGRY, OVERWHELMED.
--HUG MY OWN SON! IS THAT SO MUCH TO ASK?
YOU'RE SCARING HIM, JOHN!
FEELINGS OF: SHAME, SHAME, SHAME.
Shame, shame,
I LOST MYSELF, TYLER! TO MY JOB, TO MY QUESTIONS...
...BUT I WON'T LOSE YOU.
MEMORY OF: DESPAIR-THE-ZERO, SAYING:
TYLER IS DEAD!

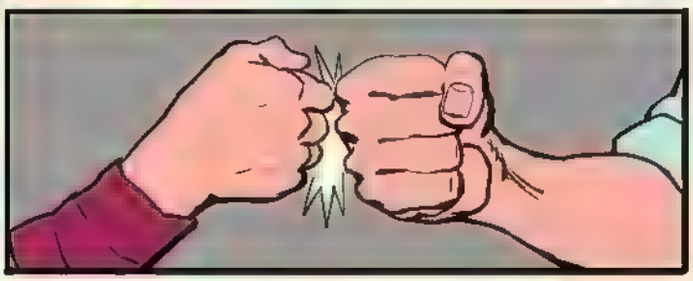


"MARTIANS ARE DEADLY WITH *METAPHOR.*



I'VE LEARNED A FEW THINGS WITH THE GREEN ONE. LIKE, FOR THEM, DEATH CAN SOMETIMES MEAN TRANSFORMATION. AND THERE ARE *ALL KINDS OF WAYS* TO *COMMUNICATE.*





"THE WHITE MARTIAN IS AN ANTI-LIFE ENTITY. BUT AT THE VERY CENTER OF HIM

IT

THEM...

"...IS YOU. IS *LIFE.*

"LEAVING HIM OPEN TO THE *FULL SPECTRUM.*"

ENTANGLED!

LIFE-TRAP! SWALLOWED BY ALL-CONSUMING, ALL-CREATING MOUTH OF GOD

DEVIL

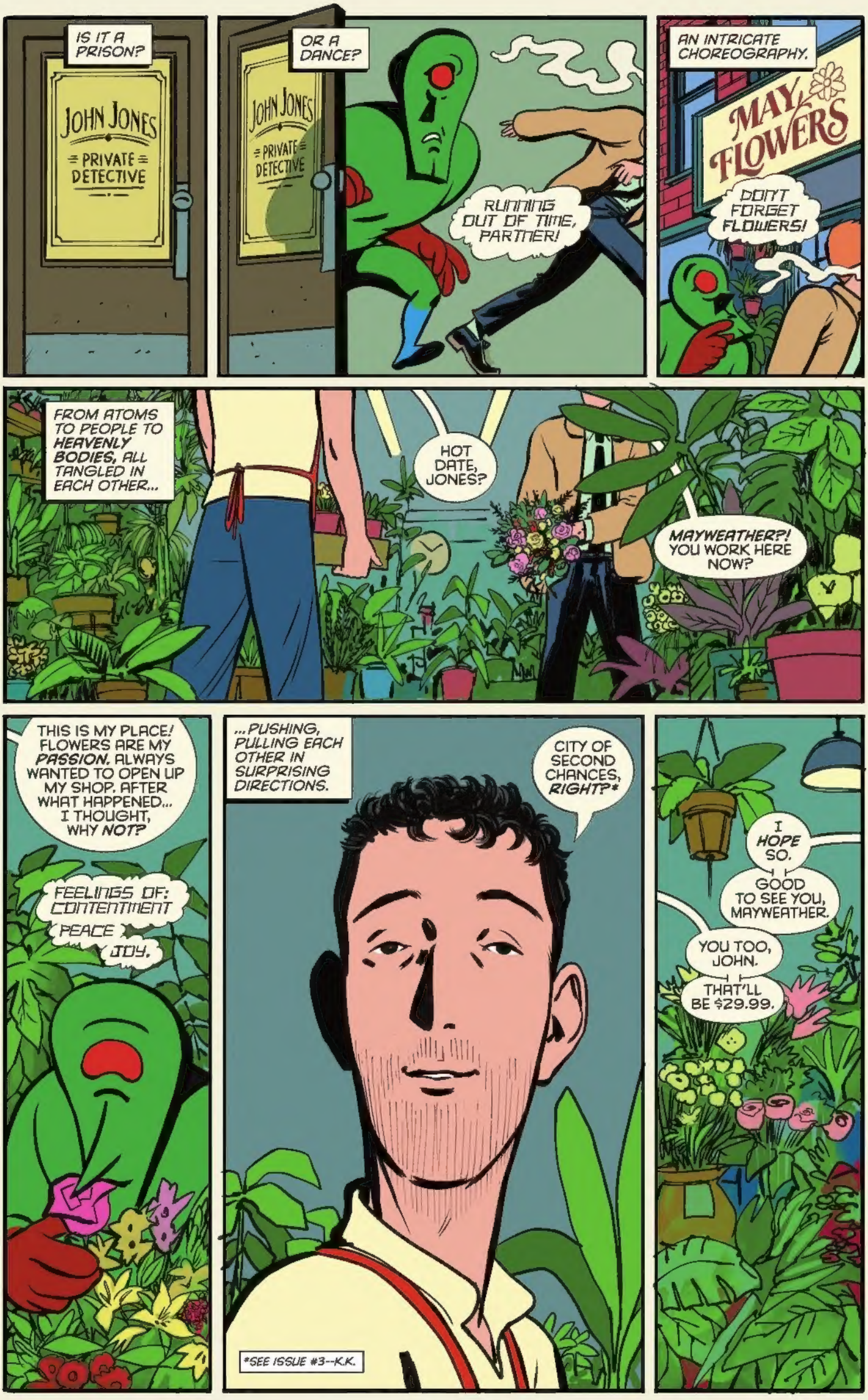
DARK!

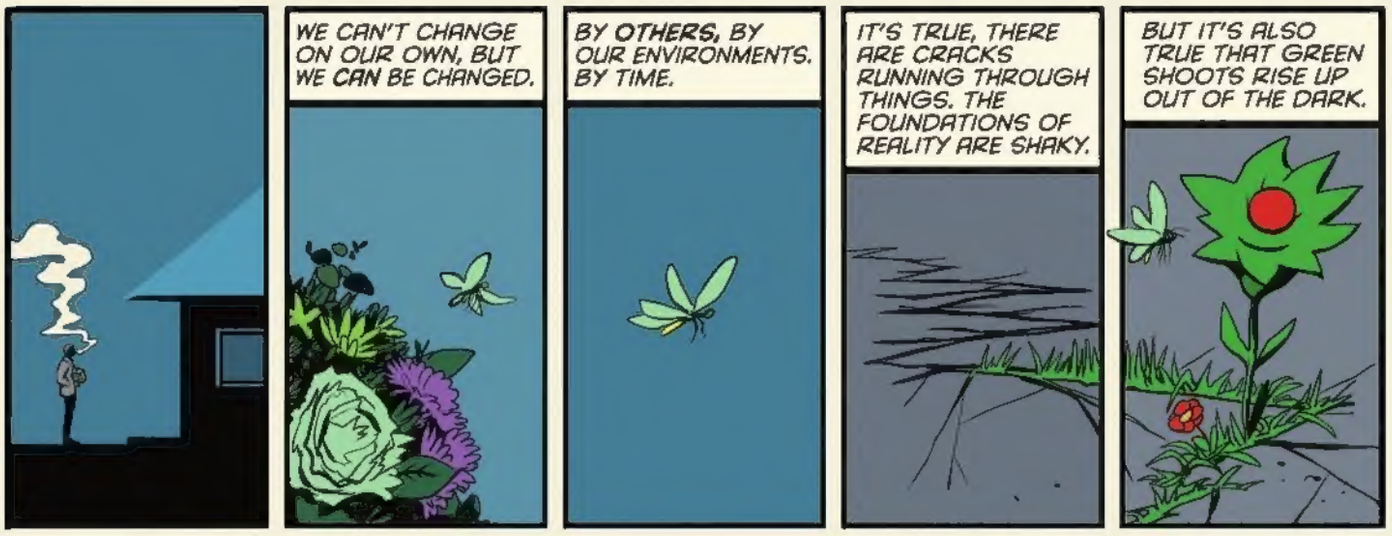
DIVIDED, TRANSFORMED, SPUN BACK OUT, TRAPPED...

...PART OF EVERY LIVING THING IN CREATION!

MARTIAN TIME = ALL TIME!

SHINING CITY ON A HILL.
WHY DO PEOPLE DO WHAT THEY DO?
AGENT LOWE
BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO. BECAUSE THEY MUST.
JOHN JONES HAS LEFT THE FBI, CITING IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES.
HE AND THE ALIEN ARE STILL OPERATING OUT OF MIDDLETON.
BUT IT'S UP TO EACH OF US TO DECIDE WHAT THAT MEANS.
AGENT LOWE
FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY
YES, UNCLE SAM.
G-god bless you, sir.


IS IT A PRISON?
JOHN JONES
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
OR A DANCE?
JOHN JONES
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
RUNNING OUT OF TIME, PARTNER!
AN INTRICATE CHOREOGRAPHY.
MAY FLOWERS
DON'T FORGET FLOWERS!
FROM ATOMS TO PEOPLE TO HEAVENLY BODIES, ALL TANGLED IN EACH OTHER...
HOT DATE, JONES?
MAYWEATHER?! YOU WORK HERE NOW?
THIS IS MY PLACE! FLOWERS ARE MY PASSION. ALWAYS WANTED TO OPEN UP MY SHOP. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED... I THOUGHT, WHY NOT?
FEELINGS OF: CONTENTMENT
PEACE
JOY.
...PUSHING, PULLING EACH OTHER IN SURPRISING DIRECTIONS.
CITY OF SECOND CHANCES, RIGHT?*
*SEE ISSUE #3--K.K.
I HOPE SO.
GOOD TO SEE YOU, MAYWEATHER.
YOU TOO, JOHN.
THAT'LL BE $29.99.


WE CAN'T CHANGE ON OUR OWN, BUT WE CAN BE CHANGED.
BY OTHERS, BY OUR ENVIRONMENTS. BY TIME.
IT'S TRUE, THERE ARE CRACKS RUNNING THROUGH THINGS. THE FOUNDATIONS OF REALITY ARE SHAKY.
BUT IT'S ALSO TRUE THAT GREEN SHOOTS RISE UP OUT OF THE DARK.

writer
Deniz Camp

art
Javier Rodriguez

letters
Hassan Otsmane-Elhaou

cover
Javier Rodriguez

variant covers
Andrew Robinson
Werther Dell'Edera
Seba Fiumara

associate editor
Sabrina Futch

editor
Katie Kubert

Martian Manhunter created by Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

FIN

ALL IN

ABSOLUTE

GREEN LANTERN #16

FEAR HAS A NEW ABSOLUTE.

The age of SINESTRO has arrived!

Written by AL EWING • Art by SID KOTIAN

Cover by JAHNOY LINDSAY

JULY

© & ™ DC.

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

LOBO™

INTERVIEW WITH SKOTTIE YOUNG

The Main Man's back, baby—and he's louder, rowdier, and more unapologetically *Lobo* than ever. Who better to usher in this new era than the writer man himself, Skottie Young, teaming up with artistic powerhouse Jorge Corona to take the intergalactic bounty hunter to the Next Level. This bold new series kicks off a wild ride through the DC Universe, digging into what it really means to craft a character built on chaos, clashes, and cosmic-scale mayhem.

DC NEXT LEVEL

ALL ANTI, NO HERO.

SKOTTIE YOUNG: It's like checking one of the nerd boxes of my childhood because I was such a big Lobo fan. I fell in love with Keith Giffen's work on Lobo when I was young. I've been a professional comic book artist and writer for 26 years, so after all that time finally getting to play with one of the characters that have inspired me on so many other projects I've done is just awesome. Lobo is going to get into some s****. I wrote down one sentence when I got started and it was "All anti, no hero." Antiheroes are so popular right now, and I think Lobo—well, I won't spoil it. But there's a moment where we kind of discuss that topic in the first issue. He's just like, "The concept of an antihero? Go f**** yourself."

NEW AND RETURNING READERS: COME ON IN!

YOUNG: We're approaching *Lobo* episodically, so readers never feel overwhelmed. Lobo's perfect for new fans because you don't have to wait nine months for a payoff—you're getting it fast, sometimes within 20 pages, maybe 40 at the start. We're running and gunning: We'll make you laugh, cry, get excited, and watch some brutal fights—stabbings, ripped-off arms, and more bullet casings than you've probably ever seen in a comic. I'm even challenging people to count how many Jorge draws in the first arc. The episodic format means readers can walk into a shop on Wednesday and walk out with a full, satisfying story in one or two issues.

AN EPIC CREATIVE DUO

YOUNG: Jorge Corona is a genius. If I didn't love him so much, I'd hate him because I'm so jealous of his talent. We've done so many pages together that our shorthand is almost telepathic. Jorge is such a strong storyteller in general himself, recognizing story not just visually but narratively. Jorge is the first to jump in—he reads the script before anyone, even the editors, so we're on the same page from the start. We're so comfortable with each other and know each other's strengths so well that the whole process is unbelievably fluid. Honestly, I don't know if I'd even be writing this if Jorge hadn't said yes.

HEART, HUMOR, AND TOTAL HAVOC

YOUNG: Let's bring him back; let's really step up to the Next Level and remind people where this character came from. It's very easy to forget how many lines he crossed, how many buttons he pushed, and how many mirrors he held up to us as a society in really funny ways. I think the best way for a lot of us to comment on real life is through satire and parody. That's why I think he makes such a perfect character for Next Level. We're even aiming to pull on a few heartstrings—which is a challenge with a character no one expects that from. But that's what makes it hit harder: When a character seems one-note, finding a way into those emotions lands even better.

DON'T MISS LOBO, ON SALE MONTHLY!

DC COMICS MARIE JAVINS VP – Editor-in-Chief JIM LEE President, Publisher & Chief Creative Officer ANNE DePIES Senior VP & General Manager LARRY BERRY VP – Brand Design & Creative Services LAWRENCE GANEM VP – Editorial Programming & Talent Strategy DAN KNEIPP VP – Strategic Initiatives & Business Affairs JAY KOGAN Senior VP – Legal NICK J. NAPOLITANO VP – Manufacturing, Operations & Collected Editions MARK SHERMAN VP – Digital Growth Strategy & Monetization NANCY SPEARS VP – Sales & Marketing CARRIE WILLIAMS Executive Director – Publicity & Communications

ABSOLUTE MARTIAN MANHUNTER 12. September, 2026. Published monthly by DC Comics, 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg. 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. GST # is R125921072. Copyright © 2026 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dc.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dc.com/ratings.